MOTHER EARTH

Vol. VIII. FEBRUARY, 1914 No. 12

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Vol. VIII **FEBRUARY, 1914** **No. 12**

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THERE are still antediluvians to be met with, who repeat the time-worn platitude, "Anyone can find work if he really wants it." And that in the face of the fact that every industrial center throughout the country is simply swamped with jobless men looking for work. In New York City alone there are at the present moment 325,000 unemployed, according to the careful data gathered by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, etc., all report similar conditions.

The Federal and State governments, humanitarians and reformers, are aghast at the situation. They all offer much sympathy, but no help save some half-hearted recommendations of "relief work," to "solve" the problem.

But can the unemployment question really be solved by sporadic relief work? It is childish to treat this problem as if it were an occasional accident in our industrial life. As a matter of fact, unemployment of ever greater numbers is a necessary concomitant of capitalism, inherent in its mode of production and distribution. And therein lies its greatest indictment and its ultimate doom. For the perversion of our industrial arrangements is such that increased production and consequent wealth means ever more starvation and unemployment. Modern civilization spells the paradox: The more you produce, the less you have; the more riches you create, the poorer you are.

Under sane social conditions, lack of work would mean that there is being sufficiently produced to satisfy all the requirements of the commonwealth. And in such a case, none need go hungry.

The problem of unemployment cannot be solved within the capitalist regime. The tendency of progress is to harness steel and iron, and reduce manual human labor to a minimum. We do not lack things for the lack of them, but because things, under capitalism, are made for profit, not for use.

If the unemployed would realize this, they would refuse to starve; they would help themselves to the things they need. But as long as they meekly wait for the governmental miracle, they will be doomed to hunger and misery.

* * *

NO wonder the plutocratic press is raising such a howl over "the hasty language" of W. B. Wilson, in the just issued annual report of the Secretary of Labor.

It is always unpardonably "hasty" to tell the truth. And Wilson has dared to expose the arbitrary and tyrannical attitude of the industrial magnates toward their exploited workers. Case after case is cited in Wilson's report, in which the employees of large industrial concerns have appealed to the Department of Labor for mediation in labor disputes, while the employers haughtily replied with the war-challenge, "There is nothing to arbitrate."

Indeed, masters have nothing to arbitrate with their slaves. Their motto is, Obey or get off the earth! Throughout the country the bosses of life seem determined to teach labor this lesson. In Michigan dissatisfied workers are beaten and clubbed into submission, their spokesmen shot and forcibly deported—all in the name of obedience to the masters, whose will and interests are sacred law and order. In the Colorado copper mine districts, a veritable reign of terror is organized against the strikers, and again law and order—in the form of armed soldiers—rushes to carry out the will of the masters. In Marysville, California, hop pickers who had dared to be dissatisfied with starvation wages and who defended themselves against the attack of armed

ruffians are doomed to life imprisonment, as a terrible example to other rebels. In Texas a score of revolutionary workers are arrested for similar self-defense, and a number of them sentenced to long prison terms. Everywhere the masters are boldly challenging the workers to war, supplementing their challenge with whip, bayonet, and bullet.

And the workers? Are they going to continue to crawl on their knees, eternally pleading indulgence at the hands that chastise them, or meekly pray for arbitration where there is indeed nothing to arbitrate?

The lords of land and law are determined to teach labor the only way of fighting its battle. And that is, to fight! There is nothing to arbitrate. The workers must fight their vampires with their own weapons.

* * *

LAST September a number of Mexican workers and I. W. W. men in Texas attempted to cross the border into Mexico, to join the struggle of the Mexican people against their political and agrarian despoilers.

On the way they were attacked by Texan mounted officers who, since the inception of the Mexican revolution, have zealously been aiding the official exploiters across the line. In the encounter three workers were murdered and fourteen others arrested and charged with the death of a border guard who happened to be killed in the attack.

Since then, three of the arrested men have been dealt summary "justice" by being railroaded to the penitentiary for terms of 99, 25 and 6 years respectively. And now a fourth victim, Leonardo Vasquez, a mere youth, has been condemned to 15 years' hard labor.

Upon the heels of this terrible outrage comes the news that two more workers have been sacrificed to the insatiable blood-thirst of capitalist vengeance. Richard Ford and Herman Suhr have been sentenced to *life* imprisonment in connection with the hop pickers' strike in Wheatland, California.

The trial was nothing short of a farce, and as the defense significantly pointed out, the men were not tried for murder. They were tried because they had ideals for the working class and the courage of their convictions.

It is to the shame of American labor that it permits these outrages to be perpetrated, without raising a country-wide storm that should voice the protest of labor in no uncertain terms. Plutocracy is encouraged in its oppression and persecution of the militant workers by the cowardly silence of the great body of labor. Not from courts or appeals can the exploited hope for justice or fair play. It was the threatening tones of the workers that frightened away the capitalist and governmental beast of prey and dragged Haywood, and later Ettor and Giovannitti, from the jaws of death. Nor is it only the prominent labor man that should enjoy the protection of our united efforts. The obscure rebel worker deserves it as much, and needs it more. And even more does labor owe it to itself, in self-respect and self-protection.

* * *

LINCOLN STEFFENS was right when he said in a recent public utterance, that it is the foreigners in America who are the hope of America; that the Americans look to them to preserve what little liberty is left in this country.

It is significant that it is almost exclusively the "foreigners" who have so far voiced any protest against the Burnett-Dillingham immigration bill which is designed to exclude not only militant suffragists but revolutionists of any shade. Where are the traditional liberty loving Americans to protest against this most insidious attack on the remnants of the Right of Political Asylum? And yet the bill has already passed the lower House, with an overwhelming majority.

Step by step are annihilated the liberties purchased at such great sacrifice by the revolutionists of over a hundred years ago. Indeed, eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. But the "Americans" are asleep—asleep on the faded laurels of a lost triumph.

The more need for the "foreigners" to waken them. And some day their cry may find an echo in the slumbering American hearts, and rouse them to a new revolution and a new declaration of independence.

* * *

SILENTLY and secretly the Church of Rome has for years been exerting ceaseless efforts to worm

its subtle way into the very life of this country. Because of popular indifference and apathy to the danger of Papism, it has been quietly waxing fat and rich on American soil, securing influence and prestige, and stealthily continuing to undermine every foundation of traditional American liberty and independence.

And now, full grown and conscious of its power, it is beginning to show the claws beneath the velvet. Under the direction of Cardinal Farley there has been launched the Catholic Theatre Movement, one of the most powerful organizations ever formed to exert a Jesuitic influence upon the stage. According to its prospectus, "a committee appointed by the Cardinal will go to see the new plays as they are produced, and will pick out the dramas which it considers elevating and clean. A list of the approved plays will be mailed each week to Catholics, and every member of the Church will be expected to remain away from all plays not on the list. Postcards will be mailed within the next few days to Catholics in this city. On each card will be printed a promise that the person who signs and returns it will refrain from visiting any improper play and will use his or her influence to keep others away from objectionable shows. No play which gives offense to the Catholic Church will be recommended. The first bulletin will be issued this week, and the pastors of all the Catholic churches in the city will be asked to read extracts from it next Sunday."

The menace of this Catholic Theatre Movement cannot be overestimated. The Church is aware of the educational value of the theatre. Its effort to censor plays is a most crafty attempt of Jesuitry still further to influence the intellectual and emotional life of the public, and ultimately bring it under the complete control of the Catholic Church, the most implacable foe of enlightenment and progress.

The situation is urgent. Freethinkers, radicals, progressive people of every persuasion should at once cooperate to stem the tide of this insidious Jesuitic obscurantism.

* * *

THE Russian poet Krilov relates the story of a frog who was so filled with the sense of his own impor-

tance as the most loud-voiced one in the pond, that he began to swell with pride, till he had assumed the proportions of an ox, and then—he burst.

How well Krilov's fable applies to our police authorities! In Paterson, for instance, they had become so swollen with the sense of their importance and sanctity that the first word of criticism from a local paper was sternly put down as criminal *lese majeste*. And now the San Francisco police have seconded the precedent. A public meeting had been called to protest, in the words of the circular, "against the high-handed methods of the police force" in railroading to prison several workers who had participated in a gathering of unemployed. The police authorities did not like the tone of the circular, and straightway they descended upon the meeting in Jefferson Square, and attacked the audience with clubs and revolver butts. Without the shadow of provocation they created a riot, as a result of which many citizens were badly injured by police sticks and the speakers arrested, among them our indefatigable comrade, Lucy Parsons.

The suppression of free speech in this country has become the routine work of the police authorities. Especially are they zealous in squelching the least hint of their fallibility. They have indeed become so swollen with their self-importance that like the frog, inflated to the size of an ox, they should soon burst.

* * *

WE extend our heartiest greetings and welcome to our brave Mexican Comrades, Ricardo Flores Magon, Enrique Flores Magon, Anselmo Figueroa, and Librado Rivera, on their release from the Federal Penitentiary at McNeil's Island, Wash.

After serving over a year and a half in an American bastile for their devotion to the cause of the Mexican proletariat, our Comrades are now again joining in the great struggle of the oppressed and exploited for liberty and well-being.

Such men are not daunted by danger or broken by persecution and prison torture. The clear vision of the ideal gives them strength and courage to withstand all hardship and misery. To live, with them, means cease-

lessly to fight the battle of the disinherited, with the devotion and spirit that knows no defeat.

Hail, Comrades! The example of men like you is ever the inspiration and hope of the Social Revolution.

THE OCTOPUS OF LAW

BY CHARLES P. KENNEDY.

A GLANCE over the country appals one with the sight of the legion of social monsters that conspire to destroy the peace, kill the joy, and throttle the very life of man. Mass poverty, unemployment and starvation strut through the land like the conquerors of a stricken country. They rule with a hand more iron and violent, they exact more terrible sacrifices, than the legendary monsters of ancient mythology. The Greek sphinx slayed only the individual who failed to solve the riddle propounded by it. But the monsters of our day maim, kill, and massacre by the wholesale. More sinister is the riddle of the modern sphinx than that of its ancient namesake. It questions, "Why are so many thousands doomed to live so miserably, or entirely to perish, when there is everything in such abundance?"

There are some—Communist-Anarchists—who offer the sphinx an answer. But they do so at the risk of being suppressed, their speech stifled, and they themselves doomed to prison or gallows.

The law aids and protects the social monsters. It proclaims them sacred and fundamentally necessary for the continuation of government and order.

Among these monsters there is one that stands out in bold relief by its great ferocity and viciousness. It is the Octopus of Law and Government. Over the whole land it lies stretched, like a gigantic spider with its million tentacles, sinking its poisonous feelers into the social body that forever feeds the insatiable maw of the monster.

And the more the land and the people are sucked of their bone and marrow, the fatter and bigger waxes the octopus. Like vermin upon a neglected garden patch, the legislators and governmentalists, the politicians and

judges, the whole legal brood, falls upon the suffering people to vampire their very souls.

Travelers tell us about the dogs of Constantinople that range the streets in search of the offal of the city. Similarly do the hyenas of legislation and law go sniffing up and down the highways and byways of our sick social body in search of prey, except that they grow much fatter and sleeker than the starved canines of the Turkish capital. Indeed, they live in great comfort and respected ease, for have they not an important mission to perform? With their hundred thousand laws and regulations they are to create the impression among the masses, the *canaille,* that order and reason reign supreme in society. Thus is called into being the paper realm of legality, in the name of which man is oppressed, exploited and tortured. And ever the law is strengthened in its tendency to clothe the masters with greater power and more privileges, and to make the slaves more dependent and helpless.

In the copper mine strike district of Michigan the spokesmen of the disinherited are dragged before the bar of "justice," charged with being dangerous evildoers. But not even for the sake of appearance does the law make an attempt to hold to account the murderous ruffians of the Citizens' Alliance who had attacked, beaten and shot Charles H. Moyer of the mine workers. "No true bill," reports the law-abiding grand jury.

Sheriffs and detectives in California wound and kill a number of strikers. They are not arrested and prosecuted. On the contrary, it is the workers who are thrown into prison and charged with crime, because they had dared to protest and defend themselves against the legal bandits.

The Federal government is deaf and blind in the face of these conditions. But it is safe to say that it would quickly awaken to its "mission" of upholding law and order if the workers were to take up arms and shoot their hangmen and executioners down like mad dogs.

Of late the Octopus of the Law is manifesting most pernicious fertility. Into the most intimate nooks of personal life does it stretch its vicious feelers. Manifold reform leagues, groups and cliques of every kind, fads

without number, are at work, with the aid of lobby augurs, pull and cash, to still further enmesh the suffering people in the net of stupid laws and regulations. Added to this is the arbitrary sway of the lords of industry and the despotism of local authorities who freely wield the whip over their helpless subjects and subordinates.

In Wisconsin has gone into effect a law that demands health certificates from men and women wishing to marry. It was the medical profession that first began to propagate this idea. But when the monster was born, its own fathers were filled with fear and dread of the bastard.

This marriage law, the constitutionality of which is to be contested in the higher courts, opens up brilliant possibilities for the soft-heads of legislative and juridical proclivities to pry into the most intimate phases of human life and drag them through the mire of publicity. To mention but one of these possibilities. Suppose one of the legally stamped and approved marriage partners enters into another love relationship. It is no secret, of course, that the dullness of many a married life is an incentive, a direct provocation to "free love." In such a case, the participants will naturally not try to get the prescribed health certificate, nor could they get it if they tried, and should a child be born to them, it would have no right to exist, either scientifically or legally. (It would, so to speak, be the beginning of an era of superbastards.) But the majesty of the law must be vindicated, and nothing else would then be left to do than to institute again the ancient Tarpeian rock, from which the children of unstamped parents would be hurled into the abyss.

A further abortion of the law idiocy is the notorious Mann Law which, it is alleged, is to destroy the white slave traffic. Our vice crusaders, lawmakers and judges willfully shut their eyes to the fact that prostitution is caused by poverty, drudgery, lack of recreation and joy in life, and by our petrified morality. Instead they turn loose upon the people the vicious Mann Law, in the net of which are almost daily caught—love couples. Such love couples, denounced to the police by a jealous rival

or angry parents for having perchance arranged a *rendezvous* across the State line, or perhaps met in a hotel, may be pounced upon by the Mann Law, charged with white slavery, and the man condemned to a long term in prison. Such cases indeed are now of frequent occurrence.

Meantime the real white slave traffic is being carried on with undiminished activity and at great profit, under the protection of the bribed guardians of law and order. These usually proceed against the business only when they grow dissatisfied with the size of the graft.

During the trial of Jack Johnson, the pugilist charged with traveling from Pittsburgh to Chicago in the company of a woman, the defendant's lawyer argued before the Court of Appeals that white slavery is, from all appearances, legally immune, while the representatives of the government are busy nosing about the bed chambers of decent folk. In support of this contention he said:

> Evidence shows beyond a reasonable doubt there was in existence an organized system, or syndicate, having for its purpose the importation of women from foreign countries to Chicago and other cities of the United States for immoral purposes.
>
> This syndicate had headquarters and distributing centres in New York, Chicago, Omaha, Denver, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle and Nome, Alaska.
>
> It is conservatively estimated from an examination of the data and information on hand that this syndicate has imported annually during the preceding eight or ten years on an average of about 2,000 women.
>
> Hundreds of men in large cities live from the earnings of victims of the white slave trade, and in many instances the more extensive of the international procurers live in affluence. The books kept by a notorious importer of French girls arrested in Chicago disclosed his earnings for the year previous to his arrest to have been $102,000.

To what extent the authorities share in these lucrative profits from white slavery, no investigation will ever bring to light. It is safe to say, however, that they are not content with mere crumbs.

In its early days this country had witnessed the pillory and the stake applied by the Puritans in the name of a benighted God. And now it is on the threshold of a new, no less terrible, tyranny that seeks approval and support in the name of morality, of the race, and of a barren "scientific" rationalism.

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INTELLECTUAL PROLETARIANS

BY EMMA GOLDMAN.

THE proletarization of our time reaches far beyond the field of manual labor; indeed, in the larger sense all those who work for their living, whether with hand or brain, all those who must sell their skill, knowledge, experience and ability, are proletarians. From this point of view, our entire system, excepting a very limited class, has been proletarianized.

Our whole social fabric is maintained by the efforts of mental and physical labor. In return for that, the intellectual proletarians, even as the workers in shop and mine, eke out an insecure and pitiful existence, and are more dependent upon the masters than those who work with their hands.

No doubt there is a difference between the yearly income of a Brisbane and a Pennsylvania mine worker. The former, with his colleagues in the newspaper office, in the theater, college and university, may enjoy material comfort and social position, but with it all they are proletarians, inasmuch as they are slavishly dependent upon the Hearsts, the Pulitzers, the Theater Trusts, the publishers and, above all, upon a stupid and vulgar public opinion. This terrible dependence upon those who can make the price and dictate the terms of intellectual activities, is more degrading than the position of the worker in any trade. The pathos of it is that those who are engaged in intellectual occupations, no matter how sensitive they might have been in the beginning, grow callous, cynical and indifferent to their degradation. That has certainly happened to Brisbane, whose parents were idealists working with Fourier in the early co-operative ventures. Brisbane, who himself began as a man of ideals, but who has become so enmeshed by material success that he has forsworn and betrayed every principle of his youth.

Naturally so. Success achieved by the most contemptible means cannot but destroy the soul. Yet that is the goal of our day. It helps to cover up the inner corruption and gradually dulls one's scruples, so that those who begin with some high ambition cannot, even if they would, create anything out of themselves.

In other words, those who are placed in positions which demand the surrender of personality, which insist on strict conformity to definite political policies and opinions, must deteriorate, must become mechanical, must lose all capacity to give anything really vital. The world is full of such unfortunate cripples. Their dream is to "arrive," no matter at what cost. If only we would stop to consider what it means to "arrive," we would pity the unfortunate victim. Instead of that, we look to the artist, the poet, the writer, the dramatist and thinker who have "arrived," as the final authority on all matters, whereas in reality their "arrival" is synonymous with mediocrity, with the denial and betrayal of what might in the beginning have meant something real and ideal.

The "arrived" artists are dead souls upon the intellectual horizon. The uncompromising and daring spirits never "arrive." Their life represents an endless battle with the stupidity and the dullness of their time. They must remain what Nietzsche calls "untimely," because everything that strives for new form, new expression or new values, is always doomed to be untimely.

The real pioneers in ideas, in art and in literature have remained aliens to their time, misunderstood and repudiated. And if, as in the case of Zola, Ibsen and Tolstoy, they compelled their time to accept them, it was due to their extraordinary genius and even more so to the awakening and seeking of a small minority for new truths, to whom these men were the inspiration and intellectual support. Yet even to this day Ibsen is unpopular, while Poe, Whitman and Strindberg have never "arrived."

The logical conclusion is this: those who will not worship at the shrine of money, need not hope for recognition. On the other hand, they will also not have to think other people's thoughts or wear other people's political clothes. They will not have to proclaim as true that which is false, nor praise that as humanitarian which is brutal. I realize that those who have the courage to defy the economic and social whip are among the few, and we have to deal with the many.

Now, it is a fact that the majority of the intellectual proletarians are in the economic treadmill and have less

freedom than those who work in the shops or mines. Unlike the latter, they cannot put on overalls, and ride the bumpers to the next town in search of a job. In the first place, they have spent a lifetime on a profession, at the expense of all their other faculties. They are therefore unfitted for any other other work except the one thing which, parrot-like, they have learned to repeat. We all know how cruelly difficult it is to find a job in any given trade. But to come to a new town without connections and find a position as teacher, writer, musician, bookkeeper, actress or nurse, is almost impossible.

If, however, the intellectual proletarian has connections, he must come to them in a presentable shape; he must keep up appearances. And that requires means, of which most professional people have as little as the workers, because even in their "good times" they rarely earn enough to make ends meet.

Then there are the traditions, the habits of the intellectual proletarians, the fact that they must live in a certain district, that they must have certain comforts, that they must buy clothes of a certain quality. All that has emasculated them, has made them unfit for the stress and strain of the life of the bohemian. If he or she drink coffee at night, they cannot sleep. If they stay up a little later than usual, they are unfitted for the next day's work. In short, they have no vitality and cannot, like the manual worker, meet the hardships of the road. Therefore they are tied in a thousand ways to the most galling, humiliating conditions. But so blind are they to their own lot that they consider themselves superior, better, and more fortunate than their fellow-comrades in the ranks of labor.

Then, too, there are the women who boast of their wonderful economic achievements, and that they can now be self-supporting. Every year our schools and colleges turn out thousands of competitors in the intellectual market, and everywhere the supply is greater than the demand. In order to exist, they must cringe and crawl and beg for a position. Professional women crowd the offices, sit around for hours, grow weary and faint with the search for employment, and yet deceive themselves with the delusion that they are superior to the working girl, or that they are economically independent.

The years of their youth are swallowed up in the acquisition of a profession, in the end to be dependent upon the board of education, the city editor, the publisher or the theatrical manager. The emancipated woman runs away from a stifling home atmosphere, only to rush from employment bureau to the literary broker, and back again. She points with moral disgust to the girl of the redlight district, and is not aware that she too must sing, dance, write or play, and otherwise sell herself a thousand times in return for her living. Indeed, the only difference between the working girl and the intellectual female or male proletarian is a matter of four hours. At 5 a. m. the former stands in line waiting to be called to the job and often face to face with a sign, "No hands wanted." At 9 a. m. the professional woman must face the sign, "No brains wanted."

Under such a state of affairs, what becomes of the high mission of the intellectuals, the poets, the writers, the composers and what not? What are they doing to cut loose from their chains, and how dare they boast that they are helping the masses? Yet you know that they are engaged in uplift work. What a farce! They, so pitiful and low in their slavery themselves, so dependent and helpless! The truth is, the people have nothing to learn from this class of intellectuals, while they have everything to give to them. If only the intellectuals would come down from their lofty pedestal and realize how closely related they are to the people! But they will not do that, not even the radical and liberal intellectuals.

Within the last ten years the intellectual proletarians of advanced tendencies have entered every radical movement. They could, if they would, be of tremendous importance to the workers. But so far they have remained without clarity of vision, without depth of conviction, and without real daring to face the world. It is not because they do not feel deeply the mind- and soul-destroying effects of compromise, or that they do not know the corruption, the degradation in our social, political, business, and family life. Talk to them in private gatherings, or when you get them alone, and they will admit that there isn't a single institution worth preserving. But only privately. Publicly they continue in the same rut as their conservative colleagues. They write the stuff that

will sell, and do not go an inch farther than public taste will permit. They speak their thoughts, careful not to offend any one, and live according to the most stupid conventions of the day. Thus we find men in the legal profession, intellectually emancipated from the belief in government, yet looking to the fleshpots of a judgeship; men who know the corruption of politics, yet belonging to political parties and championing Mr. Roosevelt. Men who realize the prostitution of mind in the newspaper profession, yet holding responsible positions therein. Women who deeply feel the fetters of the marital institution and the indignity of our moral precepts, who yet submit to both; who either stifle their nature or have clandestine relations—but God forbid they should face the world and say, "Mind your own damned business!"

Even in their sympathies for labor—and some of them have genuine sympathies—the intellectual proletarians do not cease to be middle-class, respectable and aloof. This may seem sweeping and unfair, but those who know the various groups will understand that I am not exaggerating. Women of every profession have flocked to Lawrence, to Little Falls, ot Paterson, and to the strike districts in this city. Partly out of curiosity, often out of interest. But always they have remained rooted to their middle-class traditions. Always they have deceived themselves and the workers with the notion that they must give the strike respectable prestige, to help the cause.

In the shirtwaistmakers' strike professional women were told to rig themselves out in their best furs and most expensive jewelry, if they wanted to help the girls. Is it necessary to say that while scores of girls were manhandled and brutally hustled into the patrol wagons, the well-dressed pickets were treated with deference and allowed to go home? Thus they had their excitement, and only hurt the cause of labor.

The police are indeed stupid, but not so stupid as not to know the difference in the danger to themselves and their masters from those who are driven to strike by necessity, and those who go into the strike for pastime or "copy." This difference doesn't come from the degree of feeling, nor even the cut of clothes, but from the

degree of incentive and courage; and those who still compromise with appearances have no courage.

The police, the courts, the prison authorities and the newspaper owners know perfectly well that the liberal intellectuals, even as the conservatives, are slaves to appearances. That is why their muckraking, their investigations, their sympathies with the workers are never taken seriously. Indeed, they are welcomed by the press, because the reading public loves sensation, hence the muckraker represents a good investment for the concern and for himself. But as far as danger to the ruling class is concerned, it is like the babbling of an infant.

Mr. Sinclair would have died in obscurity but for "The Jungle," which didn't move a hair upon the heads of the Armours, but netted the author a large sum and a reputation. He may now write the most stupid stuff, sure of finding a market. Yet there is not a workingman anywhere so cringing before respectability as Mr. Sinclair.

Mr. Kibbe Turner would have remained a penny-a-liner but for our political mudslingers, who used him to make capital against Tammany Hall. Yet the poorest-paid laborer is more independent than Mr. Turner, and certainly more honest than he.

Mr. Hillquit would have remained the struggling revolutionist I knew him twenty-four years ago, but for the workers who helped him to his legal success. Yet there is not a single Russian worker on the East Side so thoroughly bound to respectability and public opinion as Mr. Hillquit.

I could go on indefinitely proving that, though the intellectuals are really proletarians, they are so steeped in middle-class traditions and conventions, so tied and gagged by them, that they dare not move a step.

The cause of it is, I believe, to be sought in the fact that the intellectuals of America have not yet discovered their relation to the workers, to the revolutionary elements which at all times and in every country have been the inspiration of men and women who worked with their brains. They seem to think that they and not the workers represent the creators of culture. But that is a disastrous mistake, as proved in all countries. Only when the intellectual forces of Europe had made common cause

with the struggling masses, when they came close to the depths of society, did they give to the world a real culture.

With us, this depth in the minds of our intellectuals is only a place for slumming, for newspaper copy, or on a very rare occasion for a little theoretic sympathy. Never was the latter strong or deep enough to pull them out of themselves, or make them break with their traditions and surroundings. Strikes, conflicts, the use of dynamite, or the efforts of the I. W. W. are exciting to our intellectual proletarians, but after all very foolish when considered in the light of the logical, cool-headed observer. Of course they feel with the I. W. W. when he is beaten and brutally treated, or with the MacNamaras, who cleared the horizon from the foggy belief that in America no one needed use violence. The intellectuals gall too much under their own dependence not to sympathize in such a case. But the sympathy is never strong enough to establish a bond, a solidarity between him and the disinherited. It is the sympathy of aloofness, of experiment.

In other words, it is a theoretic sympathy which all those have who still enjoy a certain amount of comfort and therefore do not see why anyone should break into a fashionable restaurant. It is the kind of sympathy Mrs. Belmont has when she goes to night courts. Or the sympathy of the Osbornes, Dottys and Watsons when they had themselves locked up in prison for a few days. The sympathy of the millionaire Socialist who speaks of "economic determinism."

The intellectual proletarians who are radical and liberal are still so much of the bourgeois regime that their sympathy with the workers is dilletante and does not go farther than the parlor, the socalled salon, or Greenwich village. It may in a measure be compared to the early period of the awakening of the Russian intellectuals described by Turgenev in "Fathers and Sons."

The intellectuals of that time, while never so superficial as those I am talking about, indulged in revolutionary ideas, split hairs through the early morning hours, philosophized about all sorts of questions and carried their superior wisdom to the people with their feet deeply rooted in the old. Of course they failed. They were in-

dignant with Turgenev and considered him a traitor to Russia. But he was right. Only when the Russian intellectuals completely broke with their traditions; only when they fully realized that society rests upon a lie, and that they must give themselves to the new completely and unreservedly, did they become a forceful factor in the life of the people. The Kropotkins, the Perovskayas, the Breshkovskayas, and hosts of others repudiated wealth and station and refused to serve King Mammon. They went among the people, not to lift them up but themselves to be lifted up, to be instructed, and in return to give themselves wholly to the people. That accounts for the heroism, the art, the literature of Russia, the unity between the people, the mujik and the intellectual. That to some extent explains the literature of all European countries, the fact that the Strindbergs, the Hauptmanns, the Wedekinds, the Brieux, the Mirbeaus, the Steinlins and Rodins have never dissociated themselves from the people.

Will that ever come to pass in America? Will the American intellectual proletarians ever love the ideal more than their comforts, ever be willing to give up external success for the sake of the vital issues of life? I think so, and that for two reasons. First, the proletarization of the intellectuals will compel them to come closer to labor. Secondly, because of the rigid regime of puritanism, which is causing a tremendous reaction against conventions and narrow moral ties. Struggling artists, writers and dramatists who strive to create something worth while, aid in breaking down dominant conventions; scores of women who wish to live their lives are helping to undermine our morality of to-day in their proud defiance of the rules of Mrs. Grundy. Alone they cannot accomplish much. They need the bold indifference and courage of the revolutionary workers, who have broken with all the old rubbish. It is therefore through the co-operation of the intellectual proletarians, who try to find expression, and the revolutionary proletarians who seek to remould life, that we in America will establish a real unity and by means of it wage a successful war against present society.

CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

By MAX BAGINSKI

THE exhibition of the works of Constantin Meunier at Avery Hall, Columbia University, offers a rare combination of great art and deep social significance. I say a rare combination, because there widely obtains the notion—especially in art circles—that a work is only then artistic when it expresses no particular meaning or attitude. Most artists hold to this opinion with touching faith, under the aegis of the phrase art for art's sake, with the result that such art creations lack bone and marrow.

The Meunier exhibition was opened by President Butler of Columbia University. What brilliant irony! Butler is the devout stirrup-holder of the money and industrial lords; and he is proud of it. It is said of him in intimate circles that his highest ambition is to be invited to dinner by men "worth" at least fifty thousand dollars.

The exhibition comprises the statuary, paintings, pastels, and sketches of Constantin Meunier. It is preeminently in his plastic art that we see him as the great Flemish master. A child of the people, of poverty, he derived his lofty inspiration from labor. But Meunier does not give types of labor in the sense of photographic reproduction. His puddlers, foundrymen, dockhands, mine girls and so forth contain the living rhythm, the true spirit of labor. The oneness of the worker with his work, the unity of the producer with his task, finds in Meunier the most striking expression. Meunier is no less great a symbolist than a realist. His "Mower" does not convey the feeling of a man merely wielding his tool; mower and scythe appeal to one's artistic sense as a plastic unity.

Splendid is the "Sower", in whose earnest expression and free mien there is visualized something of the conquest of the future. This figure crowns the powerful Monument to Labor that in 1909—four years after Meunier's death—was erected in Lovain, where the master had lived and worked. Four friezes comprise the four sides of the Monument to Labor—Industry, The

Harvest, The Port, The Mine. In the foreground on the broad steps is the striking figure of "Maternity", modeled after Zola's "Fecundity".

"A hymn to labor," Mr. Brinton, the art critic, calls the works of Meunier, in the biographic sketch contained in the catalogue issued by the exhibitors. It is more; it is also the Appeal of Labor. Labor that bridges oceans, brings distant lands close to each other, wrests coal and metals from the bowels of the earth, digs and tills the soil,—how it is symbolized in its figures! Looking at the Industrial Cyclops of Meunier in their strength, their drab existence, their silent suffering and mute appeal, and with the heaviness of their thoughts staring out of their eyes, one feels as though he beheld a giant, borne down by an Alp-like weight and straining at his chains. When the giant rises and breaks his fetters, can his torturers who have tied him to the stake, as the pigmies had roped Gulliver, expect that even a single one of their institutions of social injustice will be permitted to survive?

Meunier saw the strength and the beauty of labor, but he saw also its blackness, despair, and fetters; and great humanist that he was, he yearned to see labor freed from its bondage.

We hear and read much of the dignity of labor. It is praised a great deal, and the worker is patronizingly patted on the shoulder. But when a great artist appears and shows the real face of labor, we look with dissatisfied eyes and wonder why he did not choose some other subjects. What subjects? The society lady with her favorite lap dog? The eternal Wall St. magnate with the consciously fictitious Napoleonic look? Real art permits no limits to be drawn for it by social conventionality. The whole world, the whole of life in all its varied phases and expressions, must be open to the artist. An art that slavishly follows the taste of the privileged soon becomes emaciated and loses the power of creating something strong or original.

The true cause of the attitude of coldness and indifference that artists like Meunier have to contend with, is characterized in a remark of August Strindberg who, as school-teacher, wrote regarding poor children and their parents:

"Suffering has stamped on the faces of the lower classes that expression of hopelessness and torment that neither religious resignation nor the hope of heaven can obliterate, and from which the upper classes flee as from an evil conscience."

An evil conscience is, indeed, a poor art critic.

Constantin Meunier has already won the consideration of the present. The future will increase the appreciation and understanding of the art of the great Flemish master.

SCIENCE AND LIFE

By George F. Franklin

THERE is a certain musical charm and heart's delight in a sequestered nook of a woodland dell, that stands in happy contrast to the desert desolation of our cities. A touch of nature is sufficient to give a new pulsation, and enrapture us with a new awakening of the soul. We become as moody children, and paint into the scene that delights the eye the fancy of our moment. Our soul's harp is struck, and the birds echo its music. Although we possess not the artist's technique, we become the geniuses of our hour and create for ourselves a work of art. The trees are the trees of our fancy; the prancing little sunbeam, a ray of our soul's rising sun; and the whole setting is either joyous or sad, delightful or melancholy, whimsical or solemn, according to the mood that envelops us.

In our every-day city existence there is a certain coldness of atmosphere that benumbs the feelings and deprives us of these sweets of Life.

We are becoming as automatons and sterilize our feelings with the dull routine of labor. We submit to the tyranny of common sense, and time our employments for weeks ahead with mathematical precision. We deny our individualities, and merge all things in the commonalty of rule and system. Our worker has already become a human machine; he lacks all initiative. We divide time into units and fill each with the work to be performed. We arise at prescribed times, start work

when the clock's hands reach the minute and the hour; we eat when the whistle blows, and allow an exactitude of seconds for digestion. We are losing our self-reliance and forsake all our desires for the exigencies of system. We have not all a knowledge of science, but all are held in bondage under its despotism. As science systematizes data gained by experience, so has it classified all humans according to days and prescribed for each a given task. Dull, dismal, and gloomy is the monotony of these days—loathsome and hateful to him who wishes to live.

Our commercial prelates have lauded common sense beyond its merits, and we now regard it as the omnipotent power of our being. It is practical and realizes the cash according to the success of its design. It is geometrical in its method, and regards all things, animate and inanimate, as but bricks and mortar to be welded and shaped according to the lines of its plan. According to its workings, we are mere lifeless existences, and move in accord with its dispositions.

Our common sense, ordinarily useful, has become a deadly virtue. Consider this well, and ask if at times it would not pay to be immoral.

There is a lopsidedness about our present existence, which is much more harmful than the one-sided living of the past. In the past a mad emotionalism, unrestrained by Reason and the dictates of Common Sense; in the present, Reason and Common Sense existing as cold mechanical entities, lacking the fire of a soul's emotion. We consider our knowledge, and imagine a vast superiority over the savage. We know more, but feel less.

We have a science, but a science as devoid of vitality as human beings are of Life.

Life is the most wonderful thing in the world. It is strictly individual. It is not systematic, but frolics according to impulse and mood. Life is the genius of humanity, and creates our worlds of Love and Hate, Beauty and Terror, Joy and Sorrow, Tragedy and Farce. It is the music of our existence, and all sounds but echo the strains of its chords. It is a law unto itself, the essence of all freedom, and a terror to all despots and

governments. Life has no price, and cannot be bought. We may buy up all the art of its creations and hang its priceless jewels in our galleries; but, except Life be with us, they will avail us not—neither will they reveal anything unto us. "Though we travel around the world in our search for beauty, we must carry it with us or we find it not."

At the present moment Life lies in a dolorous slumber, and humanity stands in need of its renaissance. Today we are but marionettes of science, and move as mere semblances and caricatures of humanity.

There are rare occasions when a touch of nature seduces us—we break through all bonds of common sense and the practical, become realities devoid of all imitation, create for ourselves new worlds, and for a few passing seconds live without restraint the freedom of the Life within us. But we draw no significance from these events. We soon lapse into our allotted spheres and pursue an automatic rotation of existence in the circle of our days.

Our commercial system is in great part responsible for the conditions of our present existence. It regards all things as being worth so much or so little. It measures all Life with price, and speaks of humans in terms of cents and dollars.

I am priceless, and can neither be bought nor sold.

The hired man is as much a dummy as the soldier whose every movement is measured with precision and ordained by the systems of drill books. Our army, our police force, our schools, and all our institutions of rigid discipline stand as ready witnesses to hand to condemn the false assumption of science to authority over human life.

Science has rendered signal services unto humanity, and will. It represents the critical faculty of which early impassioned religion and sentimental romanticism stood in so much need. It applied itself with miraculous effect to the soul of Goethe and helped to produce the inimitable masterpiece, "Faust." So long as it remains in our service, it is to be cherished as our greatest help. It is only when it o'ersteps its limitations and assumes power over the dispositions of my soul, that I yell my

detestation and decry it as I would decry all other theocracies and tyrannical usurpations. I hate the theocracy of science as I hate the theocracy of religion.

The science that teaches me the functions of my body I greatly admire. But the science that conceives myself as a mathematical unit and seeks to apportion my movements according to a projected plan, I despise.

Look at these workers! The days of their existence are numbered, and all their employments assigned. Dull and heavy their tread, they turn neither to the right nor to the left. Their every minute has its allotted function which they perform—the poor economic men. And these—these, the products of our scientific commercialism—thou foul and loathsome thing! And our business men, how practical they are and what common sense do they possess! How scientifically do they systematize all their maneuverings! How cleverly do they add and subtract, divide and multiply! With what precision do they number all the humans at their disposal and allot them according to the cash in hand! Must we not admire their systems and sing, Glory be to Common Sense! Glory be to Common Sense!

We have Reason and money bags, machines and factories. And the oceans are bridged from shore to shore with steamships, and Gravity no longer resists the flight of man. We have armies, and navies, and governments, and system, and Science, and plan. We have man of money and man of poverty, but both are practical and democratized by the leveling of system. These we have, and all of these, and what do they avail us? You, O, most scientific Common Sense, you who exist without Love and without Hate, without Joy and without Sorrow, without Soul and without Life—over these in this thy democracy dost thou preside.

In this wise do we exist: by the exclusiveness of systematic design, by rule of thumb and by dictate of Reason.

We howl democracy, and comprehend not its meaning. We have with us now a most practical democracy —a cold, barren leveling of all things by Science. Both Science and Death are great leveling forces—Friends, beware! And you, my practical friends—you, too, be-

ware. A great soul's awakening is at hand. It already writhes in the agony of restraint. Humanity possesses Life, and not for all time will it let it slumber. The soul of man is emerging from its shell, and rises to the dawn of a renaissance. It is not the soul of an individual that occassionally rises, yawns, stretches itself, and again retires. It is the rising Life of a new Humanity aspiring to a new Freedom. It comes to confound the best calculations of your Common Sense, and to proclaim the aristocracy of democracy.

Friends, I see and listen, and wait with faith and optimism. I foresee that time when the Genius of humanity shall resume its majesty and take Reason for its guide and help. Humanity's troubles, both past and present, are due to the separation of Reason and Life. The new awakening affirms the importance of both, and seeks a happy unison.

Life is the triumph of Anarchy; Science, the triumph of Democracy. When humanity makes a blending of these two, it will have produced a noble work of social art.

TYRANNY IN TEXAS

IT is nowadays about the most heinous crime that one can commit to attempt to increase the growing solidarity of the working class. Which, in a way, is a good sign, as it proves that the masters are becoming nervous of our increasing strength. At the same time, it is a most damnable thing to have to stand by and see rebel workers condemned one by one to the gallows or to long terms in the penitentiary.

Such is the case at present in the "free" State of Texas.

Last September, a number of Mexican workingmen, together with an American member of the I. W. W., decided to cross the line into Mexico and there to take part in the fight that the oppressed workers are making against the slavers of that unhappy country. They were members of the Mexican Liberal Party, an organization of workingmen that has as its object the abolition of the political State and the confiscation of the land and means

of production and transportation for the benefit of the whole people on a communistic basis.

They were prevented in the consummation of their project by the organized officialdom of the Texan Master-class who, no doubt, were delighted to be able to render such valuable service to their brother exploiters of Mexico. The encounter that resulted from the vicious attacks made by these bands of armed and mounted officers ended in the murder of three of our fellow workers and the capturing of fourteen, of whom two were wounded. A Deputy, Candelario Ortiz, was also killed. The fourteen captives were all charged with being principals in the death of Ortiz. In Erie County and Lasalle County, three of them were summarily railroaded to the penitentiary for terms of ninety-nine, twenty-five, and six years, respectively. The remaining eleven were brought to the Bexar County Jail, in San Antonio, on a change of venue. After awaiting their fate for some three months in the County Jail, the first case was brought up for trial on Monday, January 5, the accused being a young man by name of Leornado L. Vasquez. On Monday, the 12th, the "impartial" jury returned a verdict of guilty and young Vasquez received a sentence of *fifteen years* in the penitentiary.

Fifteen years of convict's stripes for having dared to question the right of the boss to rob and prey on the life and labor of the workers. It is expected that the others will receive much heavier sentences, as they are, according to the State, more involved in the "murder." The efforts at agitation, protest, and publicity that the workers are making in Texas have aroused the wrath of the masters who are trying to suppress them by the usual means of arbitrary police tyranny.

On the receipt by Gov. Colquitt of a strong protest sent by a number of Mexican workers of San Marcos, Texas, the speaker at the protest meeting, J. A. Hernandez, who is also secretary of the San Antonio Defense Committee, was arrested on his return to San Antonio and kept in jail for eight days. Later, at a meeting held in a hall in Houston, Texas, in a perfectly orderly manner, for the purpose of raising funds for the defense, the Police Chief and a number of his subordinates suddenly des-

cended upon the meeting and broke it up, driving the audience out of the hall and threatening the speaker with arrest. On Monday, January 5, Hernandez was again arrested on the streets of San Antonio and thrown into the County Jail, where he is at present remaining at the will and pleasure of the powers that be.

These are some of the happenings that have placed Texas in the list where figure the names of such places as San Diego, Spokane, Seattle and other centers of lawless (or "lawful") oppression. It is the duty of the militant workers all over the country to cry her shame from the house-tops. Publicity is needed, as also are protests, and, still more so funds to carry on the defense. There remain ten trials and also the appeals of those already sentenced. Lawyers must be paid and money is so scarce. Meetings should be held and protests sent to Governor Colquitt at Austin, Texas. Not that protests do much good, but they serve to show the authorities that they cannot act with impunity against the liberty and life of our fellow workers without arousing the notice and condemnation of the organized working class. Protests should be against the brutal sentences given the men, the suppression of free speech in Houston, and the imprisonment of fellow worker Hernandez.

The working class is tiring of this continual legal harrying of its most militant members, and it is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when there will be sufficient solidarity to enforce our will upon the masters and to *demand* and *secure* the release of imprisoned rebels without the delay and expense of legal procedure.

CHARLES ASHLEIGH.

Funds for the defense should be sent to Victor Cravello, Financial Secretary, Rangel-Cline Defense Fund, P. O. Box 1891, Los Angeles, Cal.

CORRESPONDENCE

EDITOR M. E.:

Permit us to inform the comrades through your magazine that at the last Federation meeting (Dec. 7th) at the Club Avanti, two comrades were chosen to act as secretaries for the International Federation: Max Charnick

(in English and Yiddish) and Joseph Libita (in Italian and Spanish).

The suggestion has been adopted that two representatives of each group be present at every meeting to report to and from the Federation and to recommend plans for the further propagation of Communist Anarchism in different languages. Also to make systematic protests against the governmental persecution of our comrades in various parts of the country.

The following groups, connected with the International Anarchist Communist Federation, were present at the meeting of Dec. 7th: "Friends of Art and Education", "Avanti", "Russian Progressive Circle", "Cultura Obrera".

Comrades and groups interested in the work and purposes of the Federation should communicate with the Secretary, Max Charnick, 201 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE WOMAN WHO STOOD IN THE MARKET-PLACE

By GERTRUDE NAFE

A WOMAN came and stood in the market-place and offered therein the work of her hands. And the market-place was filled with those who were very tired, because there was no room and no work for them, and they struggled to push her away again, saying, "There is no room here. Go away! There is not even room for us who were here before. Go to your home."

And she was afraid when she saw their grim and gaunt faces and the eyes of them red with anger, and she shrank back, pleading with them, "Look and see the place where my home was, for the market-place has covered it, and in all the world I have no spot for my feet save here in the market-place."

But they would not listen nor pause for her saying, and they stoned her with stones so that she would have fled save that in good truth she had nowhere to go but to another part of the market-place. Only their own

weakness and pain came upon them so that they fought no more, and their starved hands sadly dropped the stones, and their anger of its ancient futility grew futile again.

So they stood wearily in the market-place and none wanted them. And as she stood with the others who might not work, she watched the market-place. And there came by men bowed with many hours of toil, dulled in understanding, weak in body. And she said to them, "Let me help you. So I shall work and you shall have time to grow into your humanity."

But they looked at her with frightened eyes, saying, "Go away from us. You would take our work and leave us standing, as you are, with empty hands in the market-place."

And there came by women, mothers of little children, tired and worn in the market-place. And the little children clinging to their skirts stumbled and fell on the rough stones, for they were too little for the streets of the market-place. But their mothers could not lift them in their arms or even show them the way across the stones, because of the heavy burdens they carried in their arms—the burdens that were to serve the market-place. Then the woman spoke eagerly, "Let me carry your other burdens that you may take care of your children." But the mothers could not hear her because of the pitiful wailing of the little children which always filled their ears.

And she saw other children (God knows how little they were!) and they carried heavy burdens for the market-place. And every right that childhood ever had, had been stolen from them that they might become the docile slaves of the market-place. Then the woman cried with a voice of agony, "Let me take upon myself the work of these children. For I eat the food that they earn, and they have not enough. I am a woman, and this is a disgrace too intolerable to bear. For I have looked upon the earth and there is no beast that lives upon the work of its starving young save here in this market-place."

And the woman spoke again: "All the hope for the World That Is To Be is in the children." And the children lifted dull eyes and showed their white faces

stamped with hunger, weakness and ignorance, and unnameable vices that come from hunger and weakness and ignorance. And the mockery in those faces which had never learned to smile said, "Here, then, is your hope for the World That Is To Be."

And the woman cried with a very bitter cry, "Among all these weary people crushed beneath their loads, is there nothing I can do?"

Then there came to her certain women who said to her, "Come with us and you shall have no lack." But she shrank from them, saying, "You sell your bodies. That I cannot do." And they laughed, "Lift up your eyes. Who is there in this market-place that has not sold his body?—yes, and for good measure thrown in mind and soul if perchance he had either." As they left her they laughed contemptuously.

Then the woman said, "Now I will go over this market-place and find out the happy ones and learn from them. For if so many are wretched here, surely a few must be very happy to keep the balance true."

So she searched carefully among all those who stood greatest in the market-place; but in their feverish, harassed, anxious eyes she found no happiness. And then one explained to her: "They indeed have not opportunity either to eat or sleep or breathe the air of heaven. But look upon their women. To them they give everything, and the women are the joy that is wrung from the anguish of the market-place."

Then the woman saw a long car drawn by many horses and upon it were the women of those who had succeeded in the market-place. Under the wheels were ground the bodies of men and other women and little tiny children. And the woman said, "Surely these women cannot endure the wailing in their ears?"

"They have stuffed their ears carefully, so they can hear nothing, else they could not ride through the market-place."

"But to see the mangled bodies!"

"They keep their eyes always carefully closed, else they could not endure to ride through the market-place."

"But are they happy with eyes and ears always closed?"

"They keep themselves busy, in the way you see."

Indeed, as they came nearer the woman saw a curious sight. The women, loaded with numberless golden chains, performed a thousand little motions all in perfect time. As one raised her hand, all raised their hands; as she lowered her hand, all lowered their hands. They spoke in concert, using exactly the same words.

"Is it useful?" asked the woman, doubtfully; "or is it beautiful, like a dance?"

"Nay, it is neither," said her guide, "but it must be done so. The rulers of the market-place are judged by the perfection in the drill of the women they own. If the chains ever gall, it is their pride not to own it. Most of them are well calloused under their chains by now."

The woman looked sadly at the women with closed eyes and ears, chained and moving all together. "And these are the happy ones of the market-place?" she said.

"That is one of the words not in good use in the market-place," said the other. "Instead of 'happy' we say 'rich,' instead of 'right' and 'wrong,' 'legal' and 'illegal.'"

"But they do not mean the same thing," she tried to object.

"It is much less embarrassing in explaining the market-place to our children," he returned.

Then a passion of love and anger shook the heart of the woman. "And in the name of those children I shall curse this market-place."

Then all who heard her ran together affrighted and clung to her skirts and said, "Lo, it is not for a woman to curse. Love and not hate is a woman's work." And lovers and little children clung to her and said, "There are still sunrise and flowers in the world. Do not curse our world away."

And she blessed them saying, "I shall not curse your world away, and I could not if I would. For wherever there are children and lovers and saints and sages, the world is made anew every morning. But I shall curse the market-place which is the death of the world. For when a wind blows from there children die, and lovers grow suddenly white and old, and must part, and the sages are choked and the saints crucified. But I call upon all who keep in their hearts any justice or truth or

love to curse with me the market-place that violates every one of them. And I call mothers who carry in their bodies the World That Is To Be, and, more than all, those who carry it in their souls and will be delivered of it, in agony, when the time is come. And the curses called down upon it in hate and despair shall shake it, but this curse pronounced by love which it has violated shall destroy the Market Place forever."

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

THE RED LIGHT OF MARS. George Bronson-Howard. Mitchell Kennerley, New York. $1.50 net.

THE VULTURES. The Woman of Paris. The Merry-go-round. Henry Becque. Mitchell Kennerley, New York. $1.50 net.

THE HUNTER. Like Falling Leaves. Sacred Ground. Guiseppe Giacosa. Mitchell Kennerley, New York. $1.50 net.

MR. FAUST. Arthur Davison Ficke. Mitchell Kennerley, New York. 1.00 net.

WAR—WHAT FOR? George R. Kirkpatrick, West La Fayette, Ohio, $1.

TO-MORROW. Percy Mackaye. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. $1.25 net.

A WOMAN IN REVOLT. Anne Lee. Desmond FitzGerald, New York. 1.25 net.

THE SPIDER'S WEB. Reginald Wright Kauffman. Moffat, Yard & Co., N. Y. $1.35 net.

THE INFERNO. August Strindberg. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.25 net.

THE RED ROOM. August Strindberg. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.25 net.

ZONES OF THE SPIRIT. August Strindberg. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.25 net.

THE WISDOM OF BERNARD SHAW. Passages from the works of B. S. chosen by Charlotte F. Shaw. Brentano's, New York.

NOWADAYS. George Middleton. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.00 net.

TRADITION. George Middleton. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.35 net.

THE STRONGER—Like Falling Leaves—Sacred Ground. Guiseppe Giacosa. Mitchell Kennerley, New York. $1.50 net.

IRISH FOLK HISTORY PLAYS. NEW IRISH COMEDIES. OUR IRISH THEATRE. Lady Gregory. Putnam's Sons, New York.

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William Hurlbut
THE STRANGE WOMAN
J. Rosett
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THE FRUITS OF ENLIGHTENMENT
Anton Tchekhov's
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